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From the Boston Traveller. The Old Man's Meditations.

BY C. C. COFFIN.

The Old Man walked with weary feet,
And gazed with clouded eye
Slowly within the waves did beat,
He thought perhaps the windings-sheet
Would soon o'er him his foldings meet,
That soon he was to die.

He thought of childhood's happy hours,
And knew that they were fled;
He played once more amid the flowers,
He built again the airy towers,
And sat within the shady bowers,
With friends who now were dead.

He thought upon the distant land
Which he had travelled o'er;
He asked—"Where is that happy land
Which started with me hand in hand,
Who left their foot-prints on the sand,
And then were seen no more?"

He thought how fast the time had sped—
He saw the setting sun;
Where was the wife which he had wed—
Would she stand by his dying bed—
And pillow up his aching head,
When life's last sand had run?

Where was the mother, who had prayed
To God to bless her child;
Who soothed his sorrows when he ailed,
And then in joy with him had played,
And called him back when he had strayed,
And looked on him and smiled?

Where was the father, whose kind hand
Had over him been cast;
Who in his arms his child did hold,
Who taught him his evening prayer,
Who rocked him in his little chair,
And loved him to the last?

He looked upon the sea of years
O'er which he long had sailed;
The sun-burnt hopes and pregnant fears,
The sudden joys and sudden wails,
And tales of love again he hears,
For memory has not failed.

He sees the wrecks upon the shore,
And everything is drear;
The rolling waves around him roar,
The angry clouds their torrents pour,
His friends are gone for evermore,
And he alone is here.

Yet through the long and gloomy night
The Old Man saw a star;
It is a happy cheerful light
That gleams upon his misty sight,
It nearer comes, and shines more bright—
Heaven's light-house from afar.

Turning Lathes for Boys.

A turning lathe is an instrument of science, skill and taste; boundless in each, consequently of usefulness and pleasure. The varieties of work capable of being done by the lathe are numberless and needless. Each new piece of work suggests several others.

The first most simple thing to be made by a lathe is the cylinder, a round stick. Next is the cone, a cylinder tapered to a point at one end. Then the sphere, a perfectly round body. These give the starting point, the foundation for all other bodies. Among the articles readily made by a lathe are boxes of endless varieties, handles, knobs for doors and sundry other purposes, letter stamps, sand boxes, screws, needle cases, canes, rake teeth, pins and trundles, tops, minerals and various tools polished, drillings made, spoons, bobbins, plates, cups, &c. &c.

Besides an endless variety of sundries, three articles of very great importance, each constantly enlarging, may be made by the lathe as a source of instruction, amusement, or profit to those preparing for future usefulness and respectability. These are globes, surveyor's compasses and microscopes. After obtaining a globe print, (not difficult,) any boy or girl either can make their own globes, simply by turning a sphere of the right size, and pasting upon it the print. After the globe is covered, paint and varnish will put on the finish, the whole exactly fitted to young hands and inquisitive minds. With globes, balls for crannies, telluriums, and other astronomical and geographical illustrations, will naturally come in the train.

By the use of a lathe, every boy can make his own surveyor's compass. It would of course be simple, just such as would be best fitted for his first experiments in surveying. The box could be made of wood, the needle magnetized by the pupil himself, and the figures for the dial plate, the sight, and everything essential for his surveying experiment could be made by the pupil's own hands. His scientific knowledge and his practical skill would begin and advance together.

Microscopes vary in price from twenty-five cents to five hundred dollars. By a little skill in the use of the lathe, any boy or girl ten years of age could grind a lens for a simple microscope, to be used by themselves and their friends. Perhaps it would be difficult to conceive of a much more instructive or entertaining household utensil or pocket companion than a microscope. It virtually creates a new world, surrounds us on every side. It may well be doubted whether any one thing would add more to the amount of human happiness than a microscope or magnifying glass in every family in the world, especially if made by the younger members.

It is not necessary further to enlarge upon the uses of a turning lathe to show its great importance as an instrument of instruction and entertainment in every school and family too. No one can doubt that it would do more to cure truants and prevent rowdiness than the largest supply of the "fane of the birch" in schools, or house of refuge for juvenile delinquents on every other corner of the streets in our principal cities. [Josiah Holbrook.]

JACK OF ALL TRADES. OR, THE MAN FOR A NEW SETTLEMENT.

BY GEORGE W. HUNGER.

PARSON TRUMAN was a modest, unassuming person, who disliked mere outside display. He was a plain, practical man, a ripe scholar, a profound logician, an earnest preacher. His knowledge was not bounded by the limits of his library—his labors were not confined to the pulpit—his influence extended beyond the parish where he expounded the Scriptures.

He belonged to a class of Christians, who believe the inflexible system superior to any other. At the annual conferences, he made no petty speeches—no platform harangues, and was never invited to preach the yearly sermons. Year after year, he uncomplainingly received his appointment to toil on in some remote settlement in the backwoods; while men of more confidence but less intellect—more zeal but less knowledge—more words, but fewer deeds—were sent to large towns and larger cities, where they secured greater audiences, received greater compensation, had more favorable opportunities to improve their minds, and win the golden opinions of appreciating people.

Parson Truman had to serve as a lawyer, physician, teacher, priest, and confidential friend, in new elements, where professional gentlemen are few and far between. At the time of which I write, he lived in a log house. When at home, he spent a part of his leisure time in cultivating a little patch of ground, which belonged to the parsonage. Sometimes his little farm, as he called it, would be overrun with weeds, for his circuit extended several miles, and frequently kept him from home more than a week at a time.

One day he returned and saw the weeds standing among the vegetables, like Philistines among the Israelites, and he determined to uproot them and remove them from the land.

"Wife," said he, "I must go to work in the garden to-day. If any person calls to see me, tell them I am engaged. No person can see me while I am weeding behind that regiment of corn-stalks."

He pulled off his best coat, which had been black-rolled up his sleeves, and commenced the task before him. Spear-grass, pig-weeds, had taken possession of the little strip of land, and looked down contemptuously upon the stunted plants below them.

It was washing day; and Mrs. Truman was hanging her clothes upon the line when, when a sun-browned workman, with an honest face, inquired if brother Truman was at home.

"Yes, but he is engaged," replied the dear little woman, with a smile, for she could be good natured even on Monday, while at work over the wash-tub. "Think of it, ye Xantippes, who fret, pout, and scold, and thump away at such times, and under such circumstances."

"If he is at home, I must see him a few moments."

"He left positive orders with me to allow no one to see him."

"I won't detain him from his studies but a short time."

"He is at work in the garden—"

The man did not stop to hear the conclusion of what she said, but unceremoniously walked through the gateway, and found the good man pulling up weeds as though they were unparadiseable sins.

"Well, brother, I have found you at last. My horse is lame, and you are something of a doctor, I thought I would ask your advice."

"Is he unable to work?" inquired the domestic.

"He limps about on three legs a little. I wish you would stop up to our place and see him."

"Well, I have agreed to marry a couple a short distance beyond your house, and I will call on my way to the wedding."

In order to make up lost time, the minister now worked harder than he did before he had been interrupted.

The first caller had not got out of sight, when a woman in a shawl, with her disheveled hair streaming over her white face, came to the door and asked if the Rev. Mr. Truman was at home.

"He is at home, but his engagements are such that he cannot be interrupted just now," observed his wife.

"O, dear me, what shall I do!" exclaimed the woman, wringing her hands, and weeping as though her sufferings were intense, and the minister was the only man who could alleviate them.

"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Truman; "I will ask him if he can be seen."

"Husband!"

"Well, my dear: what do you want now?"

"Here is a woman—"

"I cannot help it."

"Hear what I have to say. Here is a woman in great distress; she is anxious to see you immediately."

The good man returned to his garden, where he had made but little progress; but as soon as he had got hold of the enemy, a teamster climbed over the fence, and asked him if he would be so kind as to put his shoulder to the wheel, and give him a lift through a mud hole at the foot of the hill.

He could not put that off till he went to the marriage, so he went to work, and while they were jerking and pulling the load about, the wagon broke.

Mr. Truman had a box of tools, and knew how to use them. The wagon was soon repaired, and the teamster went whistling and singing on his way, and the minister returned to his garden once more.

Just as he knelt down before a bed of onions, as though he intended to copy the example of the Egyptians and worship them, a loud rap was heard at the door. The minister could have wept without rubbing his eyes with the onions that stood unweeded there; but he resolved to be angry and sin not.

The door was opened, and here stood the class-leader's son anxious to see Mr. Truman.

"Mr. Truman was called into the house."

"What do you want, my son," inquired the minister.

"Father wants to borrow the Commentary on Luke, and the last newspaper."

"Wife, get them," said he, then turning to the boy he remarked: "the next time you want anything of that nature, ask Mrs. Truman; she can get the books for you as well as I can."

It was now twelve o'clock; so the minister thought best to take a bite of vitals. He sat down with his wife and child to a "picked up dinner." Before he rose from the table, an Irishman made his appearance, and modestly asked if the preacher lived there.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Will yer be so kind as to write a letter for me to the old country?"

"By-and-by."

"May the blessed virgin protect yer!"

"Take a chair."

"Will ye be after didn't it soon?"

"Right away after dinner."

The writing of a letter occupied at least an hour, and before he concluded it, a pretty little boy came to the house and asked for that "shot" he (the preacher) had recommended to his sick mother.

"Powder, you mean, said Mr. Truman with a smile.

"Yes, sir, I meant to powder," replied the lad blushing to his temples.

"Now, husband," said the good-natured wife, "let me persuade you not to go into the garden again this afternoon. Stay in the house and mend the children's shoes, so that they can go to school to-morrow."

He finally made up his mind that it was better to sit there in a shade, than to stoop out doors in the sun; so the shoes were repaired and the weeds undisturbed.

When that job was finished, it was time to prepare for the wedding. After performing the duties of barber and boot black, he turned hostler and saddled his pony, departed in peace, and went on his way rejoicing. He halted at Blake's barn, and examined the "lame mare."

"She has a nail in her foot," said he; "hand me a pair of nippers, and I will remove the shoe."

"Now continued the preacher, while he stood there with the pincers in one hand and the shoe in the other, bathe the foot with salt and vinegar, keep her shut up in the stable, and she will be well in a fortnight."

After marrying the couple he mounted his pony, turned his face towards the new settlement, and put up at the house of a Christian brother. He gave directions for Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Sparkins, and their friends to meet him there. The house was crowded with the parties and their acquaintances.

"Mrs. Jenkins, did your boy break Mrs. Sparkins' window?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Jenkins, of course you are willing to pay for the window, are you not?"

"Certainly I am."

"Mrs. Sparkins, did you spit in Mrs. Jenkins' face?"

"Yes; I did so when I was angry."

"You are sorry for it now, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I am," she said, and then rubbed her eyes with one corner of her apron.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"I do."

"Will you forgive her?"

"With all my heart."

"Now shake hands. God bless you. Good night!"

"Mr. Truman returned home another way, in order to see the sick woman, and give further

directions respecting the powders. He found the medicine curing the patient, and had the good fortune to meet the class leader there, who handed him the paper, and promised to return the Commentary in a few days.

When this useful, practical, accommodating man reached home, he was quite fatigued, but happy to think that the year had not been spent in vain. One reason why he was anxious to weed the garden was, because there was to be a donation party at his house the next day, and he did not wish to have his premises look as though he was slothful and lazy. After a delicious sleep and pleasant dreams, the donation day arrived. Parson Truman helped his wife to provide for a large number of guests. He made the fire, pared the potatoes, churned the butter, watched the oven, secured the knives and forks and made himself generally useful.

Soon after sunset, the neighbors of different denominations began to arrive. Blake came with one horse hitched to the wagon—the mare that trotted the noble animal he drove was too lame to travel yet. He brought with him a new cheese, a quarter of veal, and three or four bushels of corn. The sick woman sent her boy with a new dress for Mrs. Truman. The class leader brought a side of bacon and a dollar in money. Mrs. Sparkins, Mrs. Jenkins, and the young widow-smasher, came together, and brought a beautiful quilt, the result of the united labors of the ladies in the settlement. The sewing was neatly executed. It was originally designed for the missionaries of Liberia, but some one suggested that the climate of Africa was warm enough without quilts, so the sewing-circle concluded to present it to Mr. Truman. By-and-by the teamster came with a wagon load of people from his settlement. They came quite a distance, and brought money. Their united donations amounted to fifteen dollars. The Irishman was on hand. He said he had not much to give, but he would make himself useful by taking care of the horses of other visitors.

It was a pleasant evening—the moon sailed like a ship of light through the calm heavens. When tea was over, some of the company began to joke with the minister respecting the unweeded garden.

"Shure an' we might weed the garden by moonlight," said Pat.

The company took the hint, and went to work most cheerfully. Many hands made light work. When the party separated, the garden was in good trim, and every guest went home with a glad heart.

The Rev. Mr. Truman remained on that circuit two years, and at the expiration of that time a petition was sent to the Conference, praying that he might be returned, but it was contrary to the usage of that body to continue a minister more than two years at a time on the same circuit.

Joe Howell, the teamster, and Mary Simpson, who ran after the minister when the row happened in her settlement, became acquainted with each other at the donation party; ever after that, they attended meeting when Mr. Truman preached in Mr. Sparkins' school-house.

Just before the good man, who was a universal favorite, left that circuit, he married this couple. Mr. Truman got up into notice by degrees, and has now charge of one of the best stations within the jurisdiction of the Conference. He has not forgotten how to mend a pair of shoes, repair a broken wagon, dispense medicine to the sick, help his wife about the house, and act as peace-maker when the hasty in spirit are disposed to quarrel. He is just "the man for a new settlement," or any other situation.

Fearful Encounter with Robbers.

The Madrid papers recite the particulars of a terrible scene which took place on the 14th August at the house of Don Diego Gracia, an old nobleman, who resides in the vicinity of that capital.

The night was dark and tempestuous. The rain poured down in torrents, and induced the night watch, who had been reinforced since the recent augmentations of crime in the environs of the capital, to keep close to their quarters. The roads were completely deserted, and at long intervals only the shadow of a human figure flitted past the huge portals of Don Diego's mansion, in anxious haste towards its habitation.

Juan, Munoz, the Don's old valet, had been sent to this city by his master, and was now making the best of his way home. His errand to the capital had been to procure some medicine which his master had been ordered to take; he being at the time violently afflicted with the gout. Juan, as we said, was picking his way as best he could through the deluged streets and roads, when, just as he came in sight of the mansion, he heard the voices of a number of men behind him, and supposing them to be a party of his fellow servants, who had been sent in search of him, since he had been much later than he expected to be, he drew back into an open recess to await their approach. He discovered that he was deceived in his expectations; the men were strangers to him, or at least he did not know their voices, but while passing him, he plainly heard the name of his master pronounced by one of their number, and stepping forward he asked if they wished to see Don Diego that night. The men seemed perfectly startled by his sudden apparition, but they soon recovered from their surprise, and after ascertaining that he was alone, he was politely asked to go before them and show the way. Scarcely had he proceeded a dozen yards

when a violent blow on the head laid him prostrate; a knife was then twice thrust into his breast, and the lifeless body hurled into the middle of the road.

It was close upon midnight, when the wife of Don Diego, whilst tending her sick husband, was startled by a noise from the adjoining room. She immediately rang the bell, and was answered by the major domo, the only servant who had not retired to rest, being determined to await the return of Juan. As he entered, the door leading to the ante-chamber was also quickly opened, and on the threshold appeared five masked men, who were evidently unprepared to find more than one inmate in the sick chamber. Quick as thought the major domo attempted to reach the bell rope, that by a violent alarm he might awake the sleepers and obtain their aid, but quicker even than he, was the leader of the masked band, who seized a pistol from his belt, and with unerring aim discharged it at the devoted servant. There was a faint cry; the old servant stretched out his hands for support, and then with a heavy groan he fell to the floor, where death closed his eyes.

This unexpected catastrophe seemed to spur on the robbers to instant work. Whilst one man was posted at each door, the three others insisted upon being informed by Don Diego where he kept his money and valuables, but the sick old man had sunk into so complete a lethargy by the dreadful event which had passed under his eyes, that he was unable to answer them. As rapidity of movements was, however, rendered pre-emptory to insure the safety of the band, the chief addressed the Donna for the same purpose, in answer to which she evinced but little reluctance and bade them to follow her. The robbers at once declared their readiness, and after passing along the corridor entered the dining saloon, where the Donna pointed out a huge oak box, which she said contained the plate. Here another difficulty arose. The box, which in reality contained the plate, was securely locked and the key nowhere to be found. Anxious to get at the rich booty, the leader with an angry imprecation put the muzzle of his heavy horse pistol to the lock; sharp report followed, and the lid thus unceremoniously opened offered no further obstacle to the rapacity of the invaders.

Donna Ignazia took advantage of the joyful excitement of the band, and left the room to descend into the lower story of the mansion, where her hurried summons at the chamber doors of the servants were readily responded to by them, as they had already been awoken by the double report in their master's apartments. The tempest which had raged so fearfully, had meanwhile ceased; the torrents of rain were followed by a clear night; the fury of the elements appeared as though in momentary rest they would gather strength for a fresh outbreak—nature's wrath had given place to the wrath of man.

The inanimate body of Juan Munoz had been discovered by a patrolling body of soldiery, who carried it to the guard-house. The stab wounds were found to be of minor consequence, and the blow on the head, although it had caused a very severe wound, had occasioned only a temporary loss of consciousness. It must be borne in mind that two hours nearly had elapsed between the assault upon Munoz and the entrance into the house by the robbers, which time had probably been spent by them in various efforts to obtain access. Strong restoratives, judiciously applied, soon brought back animation, and shortly afterwards Munoz could give a confused narrative of what had befallen him. The officer on duty at once saw through the scheme, and gave orders to proceed to the mansion of Don Diego, which they reached at the precise moment when Donna Ignazia, with an armed body of her own servants, was leading them to the dining saloon. The summons of the officer at the front door was followed by a dead silence on the part of the robbers; but when they heard the measured tramp of the soldiery on the staircase, they sought for means of instant flight. This, however, had been provided for: a portion of the military had surrounded the house, while the others, reinforced by the servants, steadily approached. The only chance then left to the brigands was to cut their way through, or sell their lives as dearly as possible. In an instant, the huge oak doors of the saloon were closed and barred, the lights were extinguished, the windows opened, and everything made ready for the last desperate chance. Fortune favored them; for the soldiery, not anticipating a leap of their enemies from the high windows, withdrew their sentinels from there, in order to make them guard the side and rear outlets of the mansion. Two of the bold ruffians had already tied their descent by means of table-cloths, tied together, when the alarm was given. The soldiers rushed to the spot—a third robber, was clinging to the frail chance for life, and was rapidly descending, but a well directed shot bereft him of strength, and after a few frantic efforts to retain his hold, he fell heavily to the ground. His two comrades made a fruit stand; but vain was their boldness against the number of assailants, and in a few moments they fell, grievously wounded, into the hands of the victors.

Two more only remained of this desperate band, and the fact of their being shielded by strong bolts and massive walls, rendered them no insignificant enemies. Ladders were placed against the windows, but the true aim of the keen-eyed brigands made four successive shots tell with appalling effect, since each of them laid low one of their assailants. At last an at-

tack upon the doors was resolved upon, and soon the heavy blows of the ponderous axe resounded from the massive panels. One door gave way; there was a stunning crash, followed by reports of fire arms, cries of agony, and the dull sound of falling victims. Again the numbers were successful, but in this instance the victims knew no mercy, and when at last the tumult ceased, the mutilated corpses of the two brigands could hardly be recognized from three of their late assailants.

The man who had been shot while descending from the window, was found to be quite dead, the ball having entered his heart. The two survivors were subsequently identified as Ramon Gomez, and Pietro Vaga, better known as "the fluncheon," two of the most notorious highwaymen and burglars, for whose apprehension large reward had been offered.

INTERESTING FROM HAVANA.

We have already briefly mentioned the fact of two more Americans having been captured off the coast of Cuba, upon suspicion of having been concerned in the Lopez expedition. The Havana correspondent of the *Courier and Inquirer* gives the following account of this capture:

"A capture has recently been made, more interesting and possibly more serious in its nature than any other connected with the late deplorable invasion of this island. On Thursday evening last, the 24th of September, a Spanish coasting schooner arrived at Mariel, a small fortified seaport about twenty miles from Havana, having on board two Americans, who were taken from a small boat about twenty miles at sea. They said that they had been driven to sea from Key West; but their wretched condition and the position in which they were found justified the Governor of the fort, in his own opinion, in condemning them at once as a part of the Lopez expedition, and as such they were immediately marched to this place, where they arrived on Saturday the 26th. Conclusions were as quickly arrived at here as there, and they were to have been sent to Spain yesterday morning, with forty-one others who remained of former captures."

The story, however, was bruited, and it having reached the ears of Capt. Platt, of the Albany, and the American Consul, prompt measures were taken to inquire into so summary a disposal of American citizens, taken on the high seas. A communication upon the subject from the American Consul to the Captain General having remained some hours unanswered, Capt. Platt asked an interview, which was granted. He represented to his Excellency in strong terms the injustice of condemning without a hearing men taken in such a manner, and called his attention particularly to the fact that they were taken on the high seas, out of the jurisdiction of Spain, and that the condemnation without trial of men taken in such a manner, was alike at variance with a due sense of right and with the law of nations.

The Captain General admitted in some degree the force of the representation, but met it with the assertion that the men themselves, upon a legal examination, had admitted that they were of Lopez's party. Capt. Platt pleaded that this should not of right be to their prejudice, as a man should be proved guilty by other evidence than a confession, extorted from him perhaps by threats. Unfortunately, however, for this plea, a confession is here ample grounds for conviction; the whole criminal practice being that the accused shall prove himself innocent, not that he shall be proved guilty. But the result of the interview was that the men were immediately ordered to be kept in Havana to await their trial, instead of going to Spain the next morning in chains for ten years. A few minutes conversation produced highly important results to them.

His Excellency expressed his regret to Capt. Platt that they had so unwisely incited themselves, and said that he hoped that they might be able to escape condemnation upon trial; adding that he would do all in his power, consistent with his duty, to secure their release. Capt. Platt took these steps, as Commodore Parker was not in port, the Saragosa having gone on a short cruise to Matanzas. She returned on the afternoon of the 30th of September, and it is thought that Commodore Parker will make a peremptory demand for the men as American citizens taken beyond the limits of Spanish jurisdiction. Such a demand for them will at least compel the Spanish Government to state their reasons for refusing to give them up; and there is reason for such a step, for the men themselves declare that they have never been examined legally.

Their story, as I have it from their own lips, is as follows. They are the remnant of a party of six, who, since the scattering of the invading band at Aguacate, have been wandering among the mountains. Three of them were shot by the Spanish troops in pursuit of them, and one, who was taken prisoner, is now on his way to Spain. They escaped by springing down a precipice, and afterwards hiding themselves in the thick underwood, which here grows so close that even those who are hunting a runaway negro, never think of continuing pursuit if he take to the wooded mountains. After great suffering, and living for days upon a little corn, which they gleaned from well reaped fields, and fish, and crabs, which they eat at the risk of being poisoned, they reached the sea, where they saw a schooner at anchor, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and what was more important

to them, they saw that she had a small boat floating astern. In spite of their exhausted condition, and of the sharks, which swarmed in these waters, they determined to swim out to this boat, and attempt to escape in her.

They waited until twilight, and swam out. They found no oars in the boat; and one man on the quarter deck of the schooner. He remained there with most provoking pertinacity until they thought they should sink from mere exhaustion; for their strength was so far gone that they could hardly hold on to the boat. At last he went forward and entered the fore-cabin, and they succeeded in getting on board the schooner and securing two oars. With these they put off, and having been at sea between twenty-four and thirty-six hours, rowing nearly all the time, and just as the mountains over which they had been pursued many weary days, and on which they had lain many weary nights, were sinking in the distance, they were met by a Spanish collier, on board of which they went voluntarily.

The Captain promised to take them to Havana, and put them in the way of reaching the United States; their story to him being, that they were blown to sea from the entrance to the harbor of Key West. Instead of Havana, he took them to Mariel, where they arrived in the evening. Word having been sent to the port, they were soon marched, under guard of six soldiers, into the presence of the Governor, being first bound, and then kicked and cuffed on the way.

The Governor addressed them as pirates of Lopez's gang, and demanded that they should confess that such was their character. This, in spite of threats they refused to do; and to the Governor's declaration that he knew that they were of Lopez's expedition, and that he had a mind to shoot them on the spot if they did not confess it, they replied, "Fire away; we will not die with a lie in our mouths." He concluded not to fire, but to send them to Havana; for which they set out on the morrow. They stopped at evening at another fort, where they received another liberal allowance of kicks and cuffs; and on their arrival in Havana on the following day they were merely asked their names at an office in the palace; and marched directly to the Pinta Castle, where they have been kindly and carefully treated.

Such is their story; and it must be owned that their endurance and their fortitude under suffering would have made them heroes in a better cause. They are firm and explicit upon the point that they have not confessed that they were of the invading party, at which I much wonder; for not only did the Captain General assure Capt. Platt that they had made such a confession, but his secretary, not half an hour before I saw them, told me the same thing. Here is a direct and very material discrepancy; and Mr. Breckenridge and Mr. Beach, the prisoners, are apparently as intelligent and reliable witnesses as could be put upon the stand, while the scrupulous honor of General Cretet cannot be doubted by any one who comes in contact with him. There is little doubt, however, that it can be proved that they are amenable to the Spanish laws; for the boat in which they were taken will show that they came from the island; and as there is a register of all who arrive legally there, besides a passport on the file for each one, it will soon appear that they came here in some improper manner.

I could not but again be struck at this visit with the courtesy and kindness of the Spaniards; much as the latter term may seem at variance with some of the events of the late contest; and the treatment which Messrs Breckenridge and Beach received at Mariel. With regard to myself, everything was done by officers, soldiers and attendants with the most scrupulous courtesy, and two or three little acts of needless kindness were proffered with a seemingly heartfelt but matter of course kindness. Not more than this; the prisoners asked my poor offices in explaining to their Spanish attendants some trifling matters which they wished changed in the serving of their food; my bad Spanish was understood, and the compliance was instant and kindly.

I saw that one of them, Mr. Breckenridge, was ill, and told the Governor of the Castle, who said that a physician should be sent to him immediately, which was done, and this morning

AGENTS—C. P. Fessenden, C. A. Macdonald, G. Ludwig and J. P. Perry, Rockland; W. Cady, C. Prince, A. Rice, Thomaston; J. Wetterlie, McCollom and Fuller, Warren; Hills, J. S. Green, Union; W. H. Barnard, Ralph, Walpoleboro; J. H. Estabrook, J. N. Norwood, Camden; A. Sweetland, Goose Bay. A. Young, West Camden.

DENTAL NOTICE.

DR. BAYNE

RESIDENT DENTIST

THOMASTON, Me.

(Office at Mrs. Miller's House.)

TO those who may with a reference, D. B. will be happy to furnish testimonials published in the press, from individuals of high respectability. Also, a large number of letters on the table for public perusal.

Thomaston, July 10, 1864. 1y.

NEW Supply of Painted Carpeting at
Rockland, May 27. **WAKEFIELD**